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WHOLE NO. 361.

TERMS.

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Announce nents of candidates for office \$2,00. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis
All communications, to insure attention must
be acen panied by the author's name and post-

THE RIGHT ARM; Or the Patriot

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook tire of the sweeper of the public street.

the dark suburbs. fallen speechless in front of the scaven- blow and Quebec is ours !" ger's rude home. The good-hearted street sweeper had taken bim in, laid him that word on his lips, he stands there-

—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man. and dreariest suburbs they pass. That horrible energy, a sublimity of despair. white haired minister and his guide. At last in a narrow court, and up a fight of alone in this rude garret, this man, who, stairs that creaked beneath their tread, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue and then into the death room.

It was in truth, a miserable place A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There was the rough walls, there of heaven and more of hell? the solitary garret window, with the rain bearing through t e rags and straw. flag! which stuffed the broken panes-and valise which it seems the strager had with thirteen stars.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed-his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and -throb-you might hear the death- of that patriot and traitor. watch ticking in the shattered wall.

grown old with care more than age. ory forever. Let us bend over the hed

and look on that face.

firmly set, yet quivering as though they snow white mountain, on the deep silence had a life separate from the life of the of the dead, first raised into sight the man-and then two large eyes, vivid, banner of the STARS. burning, unnatural in their steady glare.

in that face-something so full of unutcerable loneliness, unspeakable despairthat the aged minister started back in snow-white mountain, which rose in love-

But look, these strong arms are clutchman is dying !

Throb !-throb !-throb !-beat the death-watch in the shattered well.

man trembled but made no sound.

him, he arose into a sitting posture. For dition. the first time, he spoke :

"Christian !" he echoed in that deep ed when but a child, the very babes in tions. their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me. The graves in yonder an able article on the subject of newspa- to think herself marriageable. She was tions. churchyard would shrink from my foot- pers and their influence upon towns in quite pretty, and tolerably well accomtism of blood upon my heart."

minister has watched the "last night," with a hundred convicts in their cells and adds to the value of town property in a fifty, with his son Charles, who was about

Suddenly the dying man arose. He silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth for his home paper." that looked like the wreck of a battle

flag. Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood !' he cried, as old a lad from Newport, memories seemed stirring in his heart .-This is the last coat I wore when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticondero. replied: ga. That bullet hole was pierced in the fight at Quebec; now-I am a-let me Whisper in your ear.'

'Now, help me priest,' he said in s voice growing suddenly tremulous; 'help me put on this coat of blue and silver,— upon the meanest reptile, nor to sneak to married, without anybody being any the my account. It's odd if I can't persuade couragement rives. Soon will the bright sparkling fire over his face, there is no one to wipe ness are equally unmanly. the cold drops from my brow; no wife, no child-I must meet death alone; but

worm eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in Jesus. Yes, of that geat faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and

Comers

rolls them back from the face of God. 'Faith !' echood the strange man, who stood there erect, with the death-light in his eye. Faith, can it give me back my honor ? Look, ye, priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war-there in his royal hall sits George of England bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And here am I-I-who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that King-here am I dying like a dog !'

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, whilethrob-throb-throb-beat the deathwatch in the shattered wall.

'Hush ! silence along the lines there !' he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as the city of London. At the dead of the though speaking to the dead; 'silence. night, when the storm was at its highest along the lines ! Hark, you, Montgomean aged minister, living near the suburbs ry, we will meet there in victory or death ! of the city was aroused by an earnest cry Hist I silence, my men, not a whisper, as for help. Looking from his window, he you move up those steep rocks! Now on beheld a rude man, clad in the course at- my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness we will gain the town. Now up with the In a few moments, while the rain came banner of the stars; up with the flag of down in torrents, and the storm growled freedom, though the night is dark and above, the preacher, leaning on the arm of the snow falls! Now-now-" shricked the scavenger, threaded his way through the death stricken man, towering there in the blue uniform, with his clenched hands That very day a strange old man had waving in the air-"now, now! One

And look. His eyes grew glassy. With on his own bed-he had not spoken once ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly ! There for a moment, and then he falls ! He is dead-And now, through dark alleys, among Ah! look at that proud form, thrown miserable tenements, that seem to topple cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In down upon their heads, into the loneliest that glassy eye there lingers even yet,

Who is this strange man, dying here uniform and faded flag?

Who is this being of terrible remorse? This man, whose memories link something Let us look at that parchment and the

The old minister unrolls that faded there amid a heap of cold ashes the small flag, it was a blue banner gleaming with

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude but while the deathwatch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall-unknown, unwept in all looked upon him. And he looked—throb the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse

O, that our own true Washington had It was the form of a strong man, been there to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonor-There was a face that you might look ed body rotted into dust, to bring home upon once, and yet wear in it your mem- that good right arm, and embalm it among hollest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many s A bold forehead seamed by one deep gallant blow for freedom, yonder at wrinkle between the brows-long locks Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and of dark hair, sprinkled with gray-lips Saratoga-that arm yonder, beneath the

It was during the renowned expedition Ah, there was something so terrible through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead, near a ly grandeur over all other mountains, into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ing at the vacant air-the death-swest ascended the mountain with the hope of starts in drops upon the cold brow-the beholding from its summit the rocks and spires of Quebec. When he came down SQUIRE MARKHAM; Or How two Arnold took from his breast, where for four days in privatation and danger, he "Would you die in the faith of a Chris- had carried it, a blue banner gleaming forty-four, when her busband, a soap boiltian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt with thirteen stars. He raised it into the er in very good circumstances, was called the parting injunction. light, and for the first time the Conti- from his life task of contributing to the The white lips of the death-stricken nental Banner floated over the solitude general purification of mankind. Mrs.

tone which thrilled the teacher to the very justly compares the publisher of a carried conviction to the hearts of her all work. heart, "will that faith give me back my trust newspaper to a farmer who would hearers, that nothing but the though's of honor! Come with me-with me far, sell his wheat on credit and not more her daughter Florence would have pre- the missive, 'a letter for Miss Benson, far over the water. Ha! we are there! than a single bushel to any one person; vented her from terminating her existence an' it's very particular that no one else This is my native home. Yonder is the the payment of a year's subscription is of by the intervention of poison. church in which I knelt in childhood— the same importance to the publisher, as yonder the green on which I sported when the payment for a bushel of wheat would indebted to her daughter—since in less characteristic address aroused Mrs. Bena boy. But another flag than that waiv- be to the farmer. The harder the times, than three months she threw aside her son's curiosity, especially when she ob ed when I was a child. And listen, old the more entire is our dependence on the mourning, and became as lively as she served that it was addressed to her daughman; were I to pass this street as I pass- payment of these small yearly subscrip always had been.

which they are published, says:

"The announcement that a newspaper were very likely to be fulfilled. That was an awful death-bed. The is published in a town, at once gives a reputation of importance. A newspaper ham, the village lawyer just verging upon town where it is published. This is a half his age. Being a young man of tottered along the floor. With those holder in a place is personally interested in bood, and considered in common parwhite fingers, whose nails are blue with sustaining a paper; no money that he lance quite a 'catch.' expends during the year, returns him

A Connecticut schoolmaster asked ence Benson on horseback.

'How many Gods are there ?

The boy, after some head scratching, 'I don't know how many you have in

Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island. There is no occasion to trample

Imitations please, not because and they adopted it. I will meet him, as I met him in battle, they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.

The editor in his "SANCTUM" sat, With his visage grim and sour. Il was silent without save the wind in the street And the "CHARLEY" pursuing his usual beat, Calling the midnight hour !

His " peepers " were swollen and red, The rushlight was melting away .. "And to-morrow," to himself he said, " Is publication day."

Write! write!! write!!! I fear I am growing dumb! I've divers notions in my head, Which feels like a ton or two of lead, But they vanish as fast as they come Bru-h, and scissors, and paste, Paste, and scissors, and brush ! If I could collar one bright " : pee,"

I could write with a perfect rush! A nod ! and a start ! and a nod ! My pen 's worn down to a stump; I pause, and ponder, and scratch my pate, My eyes the size of a pewter plate, And my sconce on the table I bump ! Nod! nod!! nod!!!

What a sin subscribers should be so scarce AND THE PAPER SO VERY CHEAP! Write! write!! write!!! With paper all blotted and smeared, Write ! write !! write !!!

As I set tumbled up in a heap-

With eyes all blinded and bleared ! Brush, and seissors, and paste, Paste, and seissors, and brush! 'T is enough to drive an Editor mad, And his finer feelings crush.

Oh! man, who no paper will take, For the use of your children and wife ! 'T is not the pens and ink ye waste, But the Editor's precious life ! Write! write!! write!!! For a livelihood I must-I wear out my shoes collecting the news. And walk till I 'm like to " bust " !

Trudge! trudge!! trudge!!! With cheeks both hollow and thin ! Trudge! trudge!! trudge!!! And all for a little "TIN"! For pleasure I have no space, Not a moment to lose have I-Rags and disgrace stare me full in the fa-

So " ROOT. PIGGEE, OR DIE !" Wake 1 wake ! ! wake ! ! ! Ye who learning hold as naught-Do ye not know, for a dollar or so, What your children can be taught! Take! take!! take!!!

The paper, and read the news : Don't let your offspring live and die Like a parcel of wild Yamos!

Scratch ! scratch !! scratch !!! While my brain is oozing away-Scratch ! scratch ! ! scratch ! ! ! Till my hair is turning gray-Oh! man, for a moment bethink

How the PRINTER you rob of his labor, When a paper you fob from a front door

Or borrow one of your neighbor!

Write! write!! write!!! Oh! but I'm weary and worn! Write! write!! write!!! And the cocks are crowing for morn ! And when for my home I start, I reel like a famished rat, Folks say on the sly, as I totter by-"THERE HE GOES WITH A BRICK IN HIS HAT

The editor in his " sanctum " sat With his visage sad and sour. all was silent without save the wind in the street, and the watchman parading his usual beat, Calling the midnight hour!

His peopers were swollen and red And the rushlight was melting away, "And to-morrow," to himself he said. " Is publication day."

Households became One.

Mrs. Benoni Benson was fat, fair and

Mrs. Benson was in no small degree Touching Florence, she had now reach

plished; so that her wishes in that respect

Just over the way lived Squire Mark-

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pret- and began to consider. She was naturty. Thereupon he cultivated her ac-quaintance with increased assiduity, and the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness after a while asked the fatal question. of her married life, and she could not

Florence answered in the affirmative, help heaving a sigh at the recollection. her mother, hinted (being a romantic ry ?' she thought. 'I've half a notion young lady,) how charming it would be not to show it to Florence, but to run

which chimed with his own temperament the still attractive face and form reflec-

seem indifferent to each other until the up the letter, and thrust it in her pocket. day fixed, in order to ward off any suspi- Florence and Charles did not meet during

suspicion of what was going on. Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some, map- ing. ner, so that he not only discovered the

fact of the elopement, but even the very

day on which it was to occur. 'Sly dog, that Charles,' thought he to ant hilarity. 'What's in the wind?' thought Charles himself, as he ast down before the fire in his dressing gown and amoking cap, leis-urely puffing away a choice Havana.— getting crazy.' Something was the met-But I don't wonder at it ; he only takes after me. Still I owe him something for was he had not the faintest conjecture. keeping it a secret from me. It would be a good joke, if I were a little younger his carriage drawn up at the appointed phy of that bad man. Our correspondent friends were seated, and the recitation

jovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, stuck out by chance as it were, till he really began to think it was worth something.

'After all,' shouted he, 'I am not so old, either, or at least the ladies say soand they ought to be good judges in such matters. I ought to have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have tound out before this how much more her consent, and that the discovery must and did, is very vivid. He was a hater comfortable it would be to have a pretty be made before marriage, decided to re- of all mankind, and a trifler of all wowife to welcome me home, and do the veal himself, and then urge his own suit mankind, and violated all the rites of hoshonors of my table, and to help me keep as well as he could. that rascally Charles in order. Egad! 'My dear Miss Flo I've half a mind to do it.'

Squire Markham took two more whiffs and exclaimed :

'I vow I'll do it.' What this mysterious it was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very was Florence." next movement. Ringing the bell he inquired of the servant : 'Is Charles at home ?'

'No, sir; he went out this morning, and who was meaning to elope with my son." will be gone all day."

'Hurrah ! that's all. So much the better for my purposes,' thought he when knowledge, I concluded to take her place

'Now I shall have the ground left to 'Now I shall have the ground left to 'Egad, the very idea I had myself!' looks, 'There, ye harpies, take the last myself. Let me see; the rascal intends said the Squire laughing; 'but the fact is, cent I have.' Mr. E. then removed him king while the iron is hot. I'll write to a letter for Charles, letting him know it; her in his name, telling her that I have so undoubtedly he will take the opportualtered my mind, and will go just at dark nity to run away with Florence during to-morrow night. She won't expect any our absence, and plume himself, the 'Indade , sir, he's very bad; he wants the thing till the knot is tied, and then what rascal, on the way in which I was taken a laugh we shall have.

it might make a little difference with the to the same purpose. How she will with death, and all he could understand bride expectant. He considered it a caplaugh at me. What an embarrassment!' was, 'Call the priest, call the priest.' ital joke on his son, but looked no furmaterials towards him and indited the following epistle:

consent, to substitute to morrow evening. frighten them.' If I hear nothing in return from you, I Mrs. Benson assented with a little urg out attracting suspicion, and as there will their departure, had stepped off in a ditbe no moon, we shall be able to carry out ferent direction, with a similar intent. our plans without fear of discovery. 1 not suspect in the least that a daughter- frustrated plan of their parents, but learn-Your devoted ashamed?

CHARLEY'. 'Egad !' said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, 'that isn't bad, especially all a premeditated plan, and to this day about humbugging me. Charley could the younger pair are ignorant of the plot not have done any better himself."

So saying he sealed it up and sent it union of the two households. over by a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked 'private' in the corner. Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss

Benson, and let no one else see it;' was for some weeks, went out to take a little ring its brief visit, causes a pang of sad-Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet hoped that she might hear a bird sing or held its last hours disappear from us. It

parlor casting her eyes over a late num- see a little wild flower which would speak has carried with it its casket of perfumes, the third district, has withdrawn. He of the Dead River. This is a fact attest. Benson took refuge from her grief in a ber of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' Florence to her of her future hope, for her heart and gathered up its scattered jewels, Then, with the agony of death upon ed by history and corroborated by tra- pretty cottage, situated on the principal being absent on a shopping excursion, she was full of anxiety and sorrow. After At first she was inconsolable; and she brought her to the door. With surprise walk. At one end of the building she sighs o'er its departure, and breathes in NEWSPAPERS.—A New York journal used to say with a solemn emphasis, which she saw Mike, Squire Markham's boy of saw a little boy turning a large wheel; she a weet, soft whispers a passing dirge.

'Please Ma'am,' said he, holding out should see it.

The air of mystery conveyed in this ter, and not to herself, as she supposed. She returned to the parlor-not to read The Fairbolt Herald, in the course of ed the mature age of nineteen, and began the Magzaine: that had lost its attrac-

'What in the world can it be?' she thought, 'that they could be so secret about? Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence? It may be something that I ought to know.'

Stimulated by her feminine curiosity. Mrs. Benson speedily concluded that she fact not generally appreciated, but a fact agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a would be false to her responsibilities as a nevertheless, and hence every property favorite among the ladies in the neighbor parent, if she did not unravel this mys-

'Here's pretty doing !' she exclaimed, As yet, however, his affections had nev- as soon as she could recover breath. He showed his military coat trimed with such a per cent., as that which he pays er been seriously entangled, and might 'So Florence was going to run away and have remained so, had it not been for the get married to that Charles Markham sudden apparition, one morning, of Flor- without as much as hinting a word to

ed from the mirror.

She leaned her head upon her hand, and instead of referring him dutifully to 'Am I always to remain thus solita- hard to me, I will remember the child long, and the damp night air whispers to and take the other hand.'

him that the mother aint as good as the after censure is as the sun after a show- prove acceptable, and the accustomed Charles Markham caught at the hint daughter; she glanced complacently at er.

So well were these arrangements carried out, that even Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner to his son's think-Occasionly he would burst into a

ter beyond a doubt. But what it really

to cut him out and marry her in spite of him.

Squire Markham who was one of those

Squire Markham who was one of those appearance. Thanking her in a very Col. Burr, from the fact of his having in turned to Joc. low whisper, lest it might be suspected his prosperous days aided my grandfa. 'My friend,' said the teacher, 'Who that he was the wrong person, he helped ther Timothy Edwards, in pecuniary difher into the carriage, and drove off.

was said. Both parties were desirous of tions, shone forth in the most brilliant concealing their identity. At length, and fascinating narrations. He spent a Squire Markham, considering that after week at my father's after he was 70, and all he could not marry the lady without my impression of him and of all he said

'My dear Miss Florence,' he continued in his natural voice.

it was Charles.' 'And I,' said Squire Markham, recog-

nizing Mrs. Beuson's voice, 'thought is ·Was it you sir, who was arranging to

elope with my daughter ?' 'No, but I conclude it was you, ma'am,

'Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair came incidentally to my secretly, in order to frustrate her plans.'

'Egad, the very idea I had myself!' running away next Thursday evening, ma'am, we have both been confoundedly and to day is Monday. Nothing like stri- sold, and the mischief of it is, I have left

Squire Markham did not consider that 'I confess that I left a note for Florence

'I'li tell you what,' said the Squire, afr The nurse soon returned with a Catholic feelings.' ther. He accordingly drew his writing ter a moment's pause, 'we can carry out priest, but he did not enter the room.—materials towards him and indited the our plans after all. We each came out My—added, with a shudder, it was a With the intention of getting married.—

Dearest Florence:—I find the day

Why not marry each other, and then you of it again. My mother told me three ation, who will wear nothing but the best fixed for our elopement on some accounts know, we'll make them believe we had it months before her death, that Ogden of broadcloth say, if they were obliged to ebjectionable, and would like, with your in view all along and only intended to Edwards mentioned precisely the same dress like some of their ancestors? As

They made their appearance the next am happy to say that the Governor does morning prepared to laugh heartily at the in-law is in store for him. Won't he be ed to their astoninhment that they had struck up a bargain for themselves .-Squire Markham and his new wife had with the great enemy, and calling help knees had been patched and patched and the address to convince them that it was from the religion he had his lifetime patched again. As to the seat; as we the address to convince them that it was and counter plot which led to this double

> watching by the sick bed of her mother that we have been permitted to enjoy duexercise and enjoy the fresh air. She thought it too laborious for such a child. and as she came near she spoke to him : .Who sent you to this place ?' she ask-

'Nobody-I came of myrelf.' 'Does your father know you are here ?

'I have no father.' 'Are you paid for your labor ?' 'Yes; I get ninepence a day.'

'Do you like this work ?'

'Well enough; but if I did not I should do it, that I might get the money for my mother. 'How long do you work in the day

time ?" From pine till eleven in the morning. and from two till five in the afternoon." 'How old are you?

Do you ever get tired of turning this great wheel ? 'Yes sometimes.' 'And what do you do then ?'

'Almost nine.'

'I take the other hand.' The lady gave him a piece of money. 'Is this for my mother?' he asked ooking pleased.

'No it is for yourself.' 'Thank you ma'am,' the boy said, and the lady bid bim fare well. She went home strengthened in her devotion to duty, and instructed in true practical philosophy by the words and ex-

[From the New York Observer.] NEW TESTIMONY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED RESPECTING HIS CHARACTER.

Register.

ing. Occasionly he would burst into a hearty laugh, which he would endeavor to suppress, and pace up and down the room as if to walk off some of his superabundant hilarity.

'What's in the wind?' thought Charles

In the last hours of his life, a lady of great intelligence and worth, a relative of the family of Ogden E, Edwards, who was ble fun out of him; but the answers to the Burr's last friend, writes to us a letter, various questions propounded, were givfrom which we take a few extracts. The en so readily and correctly, that no one facts here stated are thrilling in their own could for a moment suppose that he was interest, and they are sufficient to stamp, not versed in theological lore. as it deserves, the great crime against Joe was duly ushered in his place on a society, committed by the recent biogra. settee in front of the one on which his At the hour specified, the Squire had society, committed by the recent biogra-

ficulties. He admired also the mind God During part of the journey, nothing had given him, which, in all his degredapitality in the licence of his behavior .- rising quickly from his seat. Parton's book is a tissue of lies, as far as family matters are related, and oh, how 'Why !' shrieked the lady, 'I thought evil in its influence upon young men. My father used to say that Burr's killing Hamilton, was the least of all his crimes.

"Mr. Edwards found that Burr was continually annoyed when he lived in Nassau street, by a set of miserable beings, who pretended to have claims upon his charity. One morning, there were eighteen or twenty, each telling the story of his or her wrongs. The larger part were women. He snatched a shilling from under his pillow, and threw it among them, saying, with one of his withering to Richmond, Staten Island, employed a faithful Irish nurse to attend him, and went down every day to see him.

"One day as he approached the hotel, the nurse met him near the door, saying, priest.' Mr. E. sent her for the Dutch clergyman, and immediately entered Col. Barr's room. He found him struggling circumstances to her.

ment. I shall have a carriage in readi- were made one. They immediately re- the life of Col. Burr is a study of no with care and patching and mending until ness under the old oak tree at half past turned, but found as they anticipated; mean interest and importance, and it is he was free. He then had another pair eight o'clock. You can walk there with- that Florence and Charles, discovering not of fearful import that the shoal upon as a part of his freedom suit, which very which so gifted a being was wrecked, often served him through life. should be discovered."

Such is the testimony that has now been developed, and although it merely con F., the cobbler, was the wearer.lifts the curtain for a moment upon the He cut a queer figure in them; his legs last hour of Burr, that moment is sufficient of the Doctor Slop make, measuring to show us the dying sinner struggling trifle over twenty inches in length. The trampled under foot.

and cloudless skies, has once more passed tion-which he would remove when the THE ROPE Boy -It was one of the first from us, and joined in the swift current spring weather would render the thick days of spring when a lady who had been of the past. The many hours of pleasure addition uncomfortable. A fact, ness to swell up in our bosom as we bewas left alone. The ringing of the bell walking some distance she came to a rope far distant land. The evening zephyr resentatives who will vote for Mr. Dong-

> us view the beautiful in nature ere old says he cannot endorse the course of Mr. Winter's icy fingers have passed over the Douglas in the late session of Congress scene. It tells us, in glowing language, upon the Kansas question, but that quesof its thousand and one beauties, -its tion being practically settled, and Mr. gorgeous sunsets, tinging with purple and Douglas being the leader of the democgold the leaves of the forest, capping with racy in Illinois in their present fight its rich, mellow light a thousand hills, and against black republicanism, he sympabespangling with diamonds a thousand thises with him and desires his success,streams. It pictures to us the Beauties He trusts that the democracy of Illinois, of an autumn sky, -how the Great Mas- which has never given a sectional vote, ter has penciled and mapped out the dark will not now be found a laggard in duty blue dome of heaven, and how beautifully to the constitution and the Union. The He has blended together the shades of report that Mr. Breckinridge desires to evening with the hours of departing day. address the people of Illinois is incorrect It tells us to observe the falling leaf .how, after it has fittingly fulfilled its mission, and added beauty to the grove and break, eh! These riots will be a terrible forest, it withers and decays, and finally bindrance to all kind of business." falls again to the parent earth. It tells Fashionable Gent .- 'Aw, dessay !us of the lovely Indian aummer, when Delighted to hear it ! Aw, always had the field and the forest are dressed in the greatest aversion, to all kinds of busirobes of beauty, and nature itself smiles ness.' upon the scene. We have now earnestly entered into

the company of Fall, with whom we must days allowed us, ere we are introduced to stern, old Winter, who, wrapped in his mantle of snow, breathes with icy breath in Cincinnati. a cold, cold welcome. What a chilliness creeps over us while we are in his presence, and how seemingly cheerless are ample of a little child. 'The next time,' this old man's looks when seated on his she she said to herself, 'that duty seems throne. Already the nights are growing us that Fall is here, and bids us give a look to our wardrobes to see if they are in routine of evening amusements break in not men," said he. upon us, for though we have only ad-Let it be thy constant persuasion, vanced a few weeks into the Fall season, In order that it might be carried out Just then she heard the door open and with perfect spacess, it was resolved to Florence entered. She quickly crumpled good lying under its bark.

Just then she heard the door open and that there is no evil but hath something it, like the Summer will soon pass away forever.—Philadelphia Commonwealth.

ENTHUSIASM IN A SUNDAY

SCHOOL. The following good story is an acknowledged 'good 'un:

A few weeks since, some roguish boys In reply to the inquiry made in our in a town not a thousand miles from the columns a few weeks ago, for more defi-

commenced.

The teacher then questioned the class on their regular lesson, and afterwards

made the world we inhabit?
'Eh?' said Joe, turning up his eyes,

like an expiring calf.
'Who made the world we inhabit?' Just as he was probably about to give the answer, one of the boys seated behind inserted a pin into his(Joe's)pants , about nine inches below the ornamental buttons on his coat. 'God Almighty,' answered Joe, in an elevated tone, at the same time

'That is correct,' replied the teacher. but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering; a sitting posture is just

as well." Joe was seated, and the catechism proceeded: 'Who died to save the world?" The pin was again inserted, and Joe re-

plied, 'Jesus Christ,' in a still louder voice, rising, as before from his seet. That is also correct, but do not manifest so much feeling; do be more composed and more reserved in your manner,' said the teacher, in an expostulating

After Joe had calmed down, the exam-

ination went on. What will be the fatal doom of all wicked men ?' was the subject now up for consideration, and as the pin was again 'stuck in,' Joe thundered out, with a higher elevation of his body, 'hell and damnation.'

. My young friend,' said the instructor you give the true answers to all these questions; but while you are here, we wish you to be more mild in your words. So endeavor, if you can, to restrain your, enthusiasm, and give a less scope to your

LEATHER BREECHES .- What would the soon as a youngster went to learn a trade, If I hear nothing in return from you, I Mrs. Benson assented with a little urgshall infer that you assent to this arrange ing, and in the course of an hour the twain should hide all the dark catologue. But

We well remember the last of the leather breeches in Newburypert. Old Dealive to write it, at the beginning of every winter a buge patch of sole leather was there put on-half-soling them, as the old Summer, with its bright, warm days man would facetiously term the opera-

> [Boston Post. ILLINOIS POLITICS .- Dr. Leroy, the administration candidate for Congress in advises his friends to support the regular democratic nominees, including those rep-

Mr. Breckinridge has written a letter to But Fall follows in its wake, and bids the State central committee in which he

Commercial Gent .- 'Another out

DEATH OF A VIRGINIAN .- Capt. W. L. Holmes, of the steamer Crescent, died on hold converse during the few remaining the 12th inst. at New Orleans, of yellow fever. He formerly lived in Virginia, was about 38 years old and was well

AT OLD WOMAN-I vish I vash in

heaven. Jake-I wish I wars in a shtill hows." Old woman - Thateh te vay - Chake he alvaysh vantshi to pe in te pesht

AT A waggish candidate coming in the

course of his canvass to a tailor's shop,-"What we look for here, are measures,

AT He who hates his neighbor is mis-